

Presence

James Charlton

Nine painters, nine poets:
a sub-set of subversives.

Do we give voice to the muted?
Do we recover ancient wonder?

A touch untethered to time,
we are borne up by the gift of this place,

as if by a lived presence.
Which it is.

We are
where we are,

not somewhere else.

An answering current
greet's our own.

We are a hyphen in history,
even as dark nights
descend upon the larger world.